EXELO AND SEMPSE EGO, OUTSID-ERS, FINISH FIRST AND SECOND.

Ornament, the Meavily Backed Paverite, with Slean Up and Carrying the Top Weight, Practically Put Out of the Bace at the Post Because of an Unaveldable Delay of Searly on Henr-Imp and Hen Helladay Also Disappointments-Ogden Huns Well-Twenty-five Thousand Persons See the Big Haudicap at the Sheepshead Bay Track.

The uncertainty of horse racing was never better demonstrated than by the result of the Mch Suburban Handleap, decided at Sheepshead Bay yesterday afternoon. Twenty-five thousand persons had gathered together to see the big turf event, and the majority of them were stunned with surprise when the winner flashed past the finish mark. Ornament, with Sloan up, had proved such an impressive victor in the Broeklyn Handicap, and the recent erfermances of Imp, by Imp. Wagner-Fondling, had instilled many with such supreme confidence that the bookmakers took In tons of money on the chances of these two animals. An unavoidable delay of fifty-six minutes at the post killed the prospects of Ornament, carrying the top weight of 131 pounds, while Imp, after running a fairly good race for a little more than half the distance, was literally run off her feet. Tille, by Leon-atus-Puritan Lass, owned by Rogers & Ross and ridden by A. Clayton, at the prevailing edds of 15 to 1, turned up as an unexpected winner, which was cause for much downheart-siness among those who had not thought him. The capture of second place Bromley & Co.'s Semper Ego, by Logic-La Sylphide, with Maker up, who was at 30 to 1 and a rank outsider, acted as a temporary knockout upon the talent. Marcus Daly's Ogden, by Kilwarlin-imp, Oriole, with Hamilton in the saddle, ran a splendid race, but weakened at the close. Don de Oro, August Belmont's entry, was beaten out of third place by a head while Ren Holladay, who carried quite a bundle of the smart set's coin, never showed. Imp was sixth, Peep o' Day seventh, and the boasted Ornament an inglerious eighth. Royal Btag, whose good race the other day at Gravesend made many speculators believe he had s look in, was absolutely last.

It was an upset for the public that will long be semembered, but it is one of the vicissitudes of the race track. The unfortunate delay at the post was caused chiefly by Ornament, who refused to turn around and also tried to kick nearly every other horse near him. Stoan could do nothing with him. As Starter Fitzgerald could not very well leave such a heavfly backed faverite at the post, a wait, with ten false breaks, was necessary until the stubborn sen of Order-Victoriae made up his mind to break with the others. Ornament's strength and wind were practically deadened by the delay, because of the unusual amount of weight carried, but nobedy else can be blamed for it. Horses, like human beings, are sometimes recalcitrant, and yesterday was Ornament's time for meanness. The race, from a spectacular point of view, was a magnificent affair, run under the most favorable weather conditions, and gased upon by a crowd that was simply Immense. But it was the bookmakers who menopolized all the joy in sight when the race

SCENES AT THE COURSE.

Sheepshead Bay is unquestionably the most picturesque race course in America, and it could not have been more beautiful in its natural features. The track was in splendid condition, and the grounds were so well kept and trimmed that the crowd feasted their eyes on the scene all the afternoon. The green trees, throwing just enough shade to protect the masses from the warm sun, the bracing ocean breeze from ever Manhattan way, the velvety lawn, bright beds of flowers, and a band of music provided real solid comfort for the army of pleasure seekers who like to be on band when great stake races are run. The triple-decked grand stand was worth reproduction by a veriscepe, se varied in colors, styles, and characteristics were its hundreds upon hundreds of enthusiastic occupants. Pretty women were there in shoals and their stylish costumes were a striking background for the surging army of men.

Early starts were made from the city for the track by the sea, and there were a dozen different ways patronized. For the first time the Brooklyn Elevated road ran itr trains across the bridge to the Park Row entrance, where crowds took advantage of this new route. The first train, which left here at noon, was patronized by a good load, but the others, leaving at ten-minnte intervals, were jammed beyond all bounds of comfort. The trains proceeded without inter ruption until Parkville was reached. Then thay became stalled because of some misunder standing with the switch-tower men, and the railroad tracks for at least a mile were covered with would-be bettors, who were beside themselves with anger over the prospect of missing the first race on the programme.

"What's the matter, anyway ?" asked a nerv sus little man, who every now and then counted ever a fat roll of \$5 bills. "Are we stuck! If so, how far is it to the track ! I'd just as lief walk, se long as I can get this coin down on Typhoon I've got a system all mapped out to-day and I can't help coming home with a barrel of the old dough. How far is it, I say ?" "Five miles!" growled a guard who was sit-

ting on the bank beside the track. "It's five miles, and we won't be there until about 2:80 o'cleck. See ! Go inside the car and hang on to your money.

Trains from the bridge kept piling up, one behind another, for the next half hour but attil there was no progress. Finally a half-empty from Long Island City rolled into view coming from the opposite direction, and when it had been switched on to the Manhattan Beach tracks ahead of the stalled trains the procession slowly started for the bay. A mere angry crowd than that on the delayed cars could not have been found in a hurry, but there was no remedy in sight, as the guards were swallowed up in the jostling, struggling horde of passengers the mement the cars started.

## A WILD RUSH FOR THE GATES.

Arriving at the station outside the track there was more confusion. The men paid no attention to the women, who wanted to reach the platform. They just fought their way out of the cars, leaped down on to the cinders, and joined in a wild rush for the gates.

"Get your tipe here! They're the only re liable! I've got six winners under me hat here Only a dime, ten centel" This was the howl of a man whose nose looked like a railway danger signal, and who appeared to be in need of

square meal. "My friend," remarked an old fellow, who peered at the tipster over his gold-bowed spectacles, "if you've got six winners under your hat, as you say you have, why in thunder don't you go in there and kill the betting ring! There's more meney doing that than standing out here selling what you know for the paltry sum of 10 cents.

"I've got a thousand bet on the races now," replied the tipster, "and in the goodness of me heart I wants to see others get into the game with me. Here they are. Six winners, and only

a dime-10 cents!" The old fellow fished up a dime and bought a list of the tips which he was seen studying in the betting ring later. Not one of the winners materialized, but that was nothing, for the tip-

ster had a pocket full of dimes.

It cost \$2 to get into the grand stand inclosure and considerable more to get out, as the result of the Suburban proved. The free field was open to the public at 50 cents a head, and a great throng was there, too. It corresponded to the bleachers at a baseball game on a holiday, and fun was rampant throughout the afterneon. A tally-ho party drove through the field in front of the crowd packed on the big stand, and was aubjected to all sorts of comments, both compli-

mentary and otherwise. "Throw us some of that grub!" was the salute received by the man inside the coach, when he was seen to be struggling with a hamper and

"Throw out a spring chicken or some 'beef

and-'! It-makes no difference. We're dead

There was no response from the man in the seach until a beld fellow climbed up on the step and grabbed a bottle of the wine that cheers and sparkles. Before the bottle could be taken out of the window, however, one of Pinkerton's men had the grabber by the collar and he was run out of the track at top speed. Hunger seemed to have selzed neareverybody before the first race was decided, and the café and restaurant were overrun. So was the beautiful clubhouse, just completed. The caterer, however, was ready for the enslaught, for he had on hand enough food to feed the United States Army for month. Expensive drinks and fragrant cigars were also in demand, but toward the end of the day, when luck was not so good, these luxuries were somewhat neglected.

INTEREST CENTRED IN THE SUBURBAN. While there were five other events on the card besides the Suburban, which was the fourth race to be run, and there was plenty of interest in all of them, the chief attraction, of course, was the big race. Go wherever you might and talk with anybody who claimed to know anything about race horses, you would hear almost the same stereotyped comment.

"It looks like a clach for Ornament, and if he doesn't win it will be because of an accident. He's got 131 pounds up, to be sure, but that is enly three pounds more than he carried when he won the Brooklyn Handicap. Slean is going to ride him, too, and Ted always knows what he to ride him, too, and Tod always knews what he is about. Besides, the right people are going to play him, and that's another peint worth looking over. Ornament won the Breoklyn, by the way, in a gallop, and wasn't pushed. He's up against some good ones to-day, but he'll make a runaway of it and get all the meney. "Ornament's a high-class horse," said an old better, "but I'm going to keep off. There's something that tells me it's impossible for a horse to win both the Brooklyn and Suburban, and I'm not going to get gay with my money by backing Slean's mount this time. I like Imp. He ran a great race the other day and is dangerous."

gerous."

"Inp's my choice," a fat woman replied to a
"Inp's my choice," a fat woman replied to a
"lap's my choice," a fat woman replied to a
"lap's my choice," a fat woman replied to a
know, is supposed to be full of mischief, and
that's quite an essential quality in a racchorse.
How much am I koing to bety Oh, a dollar if,
can get it on. I'd bet more only I've just paid
my rent."

can get it on. I'd bet more only I've just paid my rent."

The women, as usual, that is, those who go regularly to the track to gamble, received all sorts of tips and bits of information, and they seemed to pay attention to everything that was brought to their notice. A woman, all in black, was waited upon by a boy who rushed back and forth with betting prices, information

black, was waited upon by a boy who rushed back and forth with betting prices, information as to jockeys, ideas of trainers and so forth, and then placed some commissions for her that footed up into the thousands.

"Put \$500 on Ornament to win!" she ordered, "and \$500 for a place. Also put \$500 on Imp for a place and \$500 on him to show!"

"Do you think you'll win alifithese beta, lady?" asked a blonde, who had a fat pocketbook but few ideas as to what horse to play.

"It's like finding the money in the street," the woman in black replied, as she sat dewn in a chair and prepared to wait for the time to count her winnings.

"Say, mister, I'd like ter give yer a straight tip!" squeaked a little colored boy, who sidled up to a tough-looking sport with a red and white shirt front and a bilinding headlight.

"Well, out with it! Wot are yer waitin for?"

"It's worth a quarter, I guess, mister, for I'se goin' ter tell su 'thin' that's right!"

"Out with it!" growled the sport. "Out with it, and ef I like it ye'll get der quarter O. K."

"Well, say, it's Semper Ego, as I wants to tell yer, and he's been kept under cover, and he's gotta mighty good chance. I wouldn't play him to win, 'cause dat Ornament, he's a darned good one. But I'd sort o put su'thin' on to get second or third."

"Get out!" the spoor responded, with the ut-

second or third."
"Get out." the sport responded, with the ntmost disdain. "That there Semper Ego ain't got
a chance, and if I was to put a bet en him the
bookies would all laugh at me. I'm one of the
talent and I knows a racellorse when I sees him.
That there Semper Ego's full of water and won't
be heard of even when they close the gates tenight."

night."
To others the little celored boy, who does chores about the stables, told of the good solats in Semper Ego's private performances, but he was waved off contemptuously, and probably did not get a single quarter.
"It's a case o' con," said one fellow; "the kid
don't know nothin', and only wants to get a

THE BORSES MOST PANCIED. There were many who fancied Ben Holloday, who did just enough in a previous race to show that he was getting fit. Politicians who like to bet figured that this horse was the proper mark for their money, and he carried a lot of it. Royal Stag was also well thought of, and thore were many reasons outlined why he ought to

were many reasons outlined way no degree win.

"Did you see Ogden warm up i" remarked a sleek-looking individual, whose right eye was painted so as to cover up the marks of some fracas. "He's a pipo!"

"A pipe i" queried a novice. "Why what in the world is a pipe i"."

"On the level, oull! Don't yeu knew what a pipe is i"."

"Why, I think so. But there are different kinds!"

Aw, smoke up!" and the sleek one turned away.

"I'pe and smoke up! Did you ever hear such language. It must be peculiar to this kind of sport, though, so I'll have to learn it," whereupon the novice teld everybody he met that Ogden was a "ippe" and that he do be "smeked up" later.

"The reason I like Peep o' Day," a pretty wo-

Orden was a "pipe" and that he'd be "smeked up" later.

"The reason I like Peep o' Day," a pretty woman explained to a friend, "is that my little girl has a story book in which Peep o' Day is a noted character. She is very fond of him and mentions his name so much that I just think I'll back him to come in third."

"He's a good race horse," said her escort, "and Speacer is a clever jockey, but I hardly think he'll show anywhere. Still, if you lasts, I'll take a bet down to the ring for you."

"There's \$10. Do the best you can." It was burnt up," of course, and probably the child's stery book will be treated similarly.

Don de Oro, with Sims up, was talked of some, but there was no stampede to cover him with greenbacks. Seme persons mentioned Havoc and others Tragedian, but they were only those who believe in tackting leng shots.

Theonly man who was bold enough to declare the belief that Tillo had a chance to win was conspicuous in a long linen duster and a pair of black goggles. He looked like an owl as he wisely vouchsafed the onlinen that Ornament would not be in it, and that Tille would get the mouey.

"I tell you," he bawied to a crowd of amused

would not be in it, and that Tille would get the mouey.

"I tell you," he bawled to a crowd of amused hearser just after the third race had been run and the names of the jockeys for the big event were being hauled aloft on the posts in front of the grand stand. "I've been snooping around for the past week and I've come to the conclusion that there's only one horse in this race, and that 's Tillo!"

"Tillo! Tillo?" mused the hearers as they quickly scanned their cards. "Why, there is such a horse in this race, but nobody is playing him!"

"I saw Tillo win his first race at Morrie Fark this year," said the oracle, "and I picked him to win the Metronolitan Handicap, but he dight start. I've been keep'm an eye on him ever since, and he's as fit as a fiddle now. I was down lookin' at him a while ago, and if he don't win I'll never look at another horse race again."

"He's got as much chance of winning the Suburban," was the general retort, "as you have of succeeding Dewey at Manila."

"All right, boys," the blue-goggled wisearer laughed, "all right, but after the race you'll be sick."

A SCRAMBLE FOR THE BETTING RING.

Then he sprawled out on the lawn and patiently waited, It was now time to make the much desired onslaught on the bookmakers, and the crowd poured into the betting ring until it was net possible to bresthe. Hats were knocked off and trampled on, buttons were lost, and so were badges. The penciliers and their clerks, seated on stools, were buffeted about in a merciless manner, but they stood it good-naturedly, probably because they felt that they would have their revenge later. Touts were around in large numbers with the usual information which persons swallowed only to be bunceed. Crooks were there, too, but Pinkerton's men were on the watch, and so was Capt. McClusky of the local detective bureau. Commissioners, carrying money from the big betters who sat in the clubhouse and smoked clare, rushed through the mob like half backs in a football game. When recognized they were followed by a fighting, struggling line of men, who wauted to follow what they termed the "right money." A SCRAMBLE FOR THE BETTING RING.

"There's Mike Dwyer's commissioner! See what he's playing!"

The man who was pointed out was quickly hemmed in and pushed up to a red-faced bookmaker.

"Two dollars on Peep o Day to win!" he cried

maker.

"Two dollars on Peep e' Day to win!" be cried in a high-pitched voice.

"That ain't Dwyer's commissioner," growled those who had followed him. "Dwyer's mea bet thousands."

Ornament opened at 2 to 1, and the fleed of greenbacks was so great that the bookies soon began rubbing their little slates, until 7 to 5 and 3 to 5 were the closing quotations. Hen Holladey was cut loose at 5 to 1, and the price held well until the end, when 4 to 1 and 8 to 5 were the best to be obtained. Imp was at 4 to 1 as a starter and remained thereabouts, although in the majority of books the mare was quoted at 5 to 1 and 2 to 1 when the post hell rang. Ogden opened at 6 to 1 and went up a point. Tillo went from 10 to 15 to 1, and Semper Ego jumped from 10 to 30 to 1, with 10 to 1 for the place and 4 to 1 to show, which proved a gold mine for any who were lucky eneugh to play him, Havoc and Tragedian were coupled at 15 to 1, while Don de Oro and Hoyai Stag closed at a similar figure. similar figure.

HORSES CALLED TO THE POST. When the bugler called the horses to the post shortly after 4 o'clock the crowd arranged it-self in a dense phalanx along the rail from in front of the judges' stand up the stretch to the starting gate, where Fitzgerald and his assist-ants were making ready for the beginning of the

great battle. From the upper tier in the grand stands as far as the eye could reach was an ocean of straw hate, and as the wearers moved about a novel sight was the result. To study the expression on the different faces was worth the price of admission alone. Those who are "regulars" at the track could be picked out because of their thoughtfulness and cool, calculating demeanor. With slone. Those who are "regulars" at the track could be picked out because of their thoughtfulness and cool, calculating demeanor. With field glasses prepared to inspect every movement of the racers, they stood in groups and quietly discussed the wagers they had made, in their own estimation they had made no hathazard bets, but had placed their money according to a close study of the merits and deficiencies of the different animals which were about to run for a small fortune. Those who occasionally wager for the fun of the thing, and who are not students of "form," were noticeable because of their nervous hilarity, flushed faces and a tendency to ask neighbors what they thought of the chances of every horse in the race. The expectancy of all was predominant, and when the splendid animals began to file slowly out of the paddock gate the rectators, including the "regulars, were rait with admiration for them. With like limbs, glossy coats and gliding muscles the multitude." There's Ornament leading the "regulars," was

littude.
There's Ornament leading the parade!" was
a cry as the heavily backed favorite came
and with proud little Sloan sitting easily on "Hooray for the winner!" the confident ones yelled, and others joined in with a cheer. As Ornament passed and Hen Holladay followed the crowd recognized Tarai, the winning jockey in former Suburbans, and Fred received a round of applause. Semper Lgo was next, with Maher in the saddle, but there was not a sound as he waiked slowly by. Silence also greeted Tillo, ridden by Clayton, aithough the man in the linen duster and goggles let out a roar of delight after he had sone further up the track. Havoo, with R. Williams up; Tragedian, with Sullivan as jockey, and Den de Oro, with the capable Sims holding the bridle, followed, but there was no demonstration. Royal Stag, guided by Doggelt, was only slightly recognized and there was little or no encouragement for Peep o Hay and his pilot. Spencer. Ogden, with Hamilton up, and Imp, with Clawson on his back, brought up the rear. Then the crowd began to crane necks in frantic attempts to see the siart.

"If they get away quick, it will be asthing but Ornament," a well-known turfman explained to some friends. "He and Imn will run the others dead and will then fight it out between themselves.

HEADY FOR THE START.

The horses now lined up in front of the barrier and manouvred for a good start. Ornament, Peep o' Day, Imp, Roys! Stag, and Don de Orobegsh a kicking match, which Starter Fitzgerald and his untiring assistants worked hard to quell. After five minutes delay the first break was made, but Ornament had turned around and refused to budge. A great sigh swept through the crowd as the Jockeys took their horses back to the post for another round-up, and those who had their money on the favorite began to worry.

"I hope they get away this time!" the Ornament backers said as one man, "for that weight will soon tire him out." READY FOR THE START.

will soon fire him out."
"They're off!" cried thousands as the horses broke again after the barrier had been swung

broke again after the barrier had been swung up with a quick jerk.

"No! It's no start!" said the "rail birds," who could see better than others. "Ornament is still acting hadly."

There was a wait of nearly ten minutes after that before the horses could be lined up in anything like decent fashion. Then came another break, a turn around and another alignment. Twenty minutes had been consumed and the crowd began to hiss in disgust. Those who were praying for Ornament to land the money for them were more and more convinced that their money was about to be set on fire, and when two more failse starts were made they signified their feelings by hissing in a manner that, coming as it did from thousands of mouths, sounded like escaping steam.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and still the

Staping scann.

Three-quarters of an hour passed, and still the starter and his assistants were working hard to get the field off without any flukes. The Ornament followers were beside themselves with rage as they saw their horse kicking and plunging about, with Sloan apparently powerless to govern his temper. A ninth break was made and another line-up ensued, while the crowd almost turned away in disgust. Then, just as the fifty-sixth minute ended, the field got away finely, and the starter's red flag was snapped downward as the signal to go ahead.

"They're off! They're off!" roared the multitude, as a big cloud of dust arose from under the clattering hoofs of the racers, and the horses in a bunch began their mad dash down toward the front of the grand stand. On tiptoe, on the breks of chairs, climbing on stools and even upon the backs of friends, the frenzied crowd struggled to see every movement of the

and even upon the backs of friends, the frenzied crowd struggied to see every movement of the thoroughbreds from start to finish.

Tillo got away in front, but by only a small margin over Royal Star. Havoc, Don de Oro, and Ogden were close behind, followed by Ornament, Peep o' Day, and Imp bunched a yard or so in the rear, with the others in reach of them. They came thundering down the track in close array, and the crowd had some difficulty in making out their identity, the colors of the jockeys flashing in the sunshine with dazzling brilliancy.

OGDEN IN THE LEAD.

As they massed the stand the croof "Orden!

winner pass by.

"Sloan looks sick at heart!" was another comment. "He knows his horse won't be in it."

"Bon't you believe it!" came from an excitable man who clutched a notebook and chewed a lead pencil. "He'll go out in front later, and then we'll all cash in."

But he was one of a few hopeful. The great majority of bettors who had staked their all on Ornament knew then in their hearts that his flight of speed would be short and labored, and that their pockets would need new lining before another such event could be tackled with profit. Ornament was in trouble, to close observers, and yet he had not gone more than a quarter of a mile. His magnificent stride, which was shown to such an advantage in the Brooklyn Handicap, was lacking, and he plurged along with his mouth wide open as if in bodity pain. It was the weight that was draging him down, and the delay at the post had killed his chance to land the rich prize at stake. Semper Ego clung to Ornament, though, as the latter followed Ben Holladay, and nobody instite the fences believed that he would be looked at when the end was reached.

"Ogden! Nothing but Ogden!" That was the cry when the rushing animals and their whitefaced jockeys reached the half-mile mark. The Daly horse was still goins at a furious rate, but he showed only a head in front of Peep o' Day, whose speed seemed to be increasing with every jump. Hoyal Sing was putting on steam, too, and was only a head back, while he led imp by a neck. Tillo was up in this bunch also and the struggle was soul-stirring. Don de Oro followed with a length of daylight ahead of him, with the others in the ruck apparently, although it was claimed that Semper Ego was merely indulging in a practice gailop.

ORNAMENT'S POOR SHOWING DISHEARTENING. ORNAMENT'S POOR SHOWING DISHEARTENING.

Ornament's lagging was breaking the hearts of thousands, and the scene through the crowd was remarkable. Men stood still and gazed in open-mouthed astonishment at the favorite, who was dragging their money down with blin. Women shricked frautically for Ornament to take a brace, and incidentally the load. Other women clutched the rail of the balcony and gazed with marble visages at the race that was making them temporarily poor. All eyes, except those which had no interest in him, were glued on the Brookiyn Handicap winner, who was struggling hopelessly in the rear with no hone to get in front. There was grief on all sides over this unexpected downfall, but there was also some joy. Down in the betting ring the avaricious bookmakers, who were holding a large amount of money wagered on Ornament's chances, were waiting breathlessly for the result.

"Ornament's almost last!" shricked a clerk "Ornament's almost last!" shricked a clerk who was watching the race from a seat on top of a beam. "The wait at the post has killed him, and we will get all of the public's coin." The "bookies" jumped up at this sally and shook hands with one another, but they knew enough not to be too jubilant, because there was still considerable distance to travel.

"Ogden leads at the three-quarter pelel" a man with good field glasses announced, "and he's a length abead of lup!"

"Oh, you Imp!" cried those in the assemblage who had played that horse in preference to Ornament.

"Imp will win!" was the delirious shout of a regiment of bettors, who were trembling with "Imp will win!" was the delirious shout of a regiment of bettors, who were trembling with excitement. Imp was a head in front of Royal Stag and the latter led Tillo by a similar advantage, while Don de Oro was running hard and close up. Feep of Day had shot his bolt by this time and was rapidly dropping to the rear. But Semper Ego, with steel springs in his powerful legs, was getting over the ground with leaps that were cutting down the lead of those in front of him with every foot of turf covered. "Oh, what a check Orden has?" said the knowing ones, as the Daly horse passed the mile mark, still a length to the good. "He can't stand the pace," commented a trainer who was watching him through his glasses. "Imp ought to win!"

"It's Imp! He's the winner!"

TILLO IN BECOND PLACE. Just then the man with the linen duster and the goggles leaped five feet into the air and yelled clearly above the tumult:

yelled clearly above the tumult:
"Tillo!" he roared again. "He's second and anck in front of himp. Look at that stride! He's got a world of speed, and I've got the dough. Tillo! Tillo!"

Bon de Oro was a good fourth here, and Ben Holladay was coming fast, a half length behind. "There's Semper Ego! He'll be dangerous!" a bookmaker remarked coolly.

Ornament, Royal Stag and Peep e' Day, with

Havoe and Tragedian trailing, formed the rear guard, and the further the favorite went the sicker at heart the crowd became.

The leaders turned into the stretch well bunched, leaving a blinding cloud of dust, through which poor Ornament and his companions were forced to bore their way ignominated.

bandons were to the construction of the constr

nature was too buter for him, atthough he was hard to conquer.

Imp was in trouble quickly and drepped back as if her feet were filled with lead. It was a hard blow to the talent that had been banking on the mare to get some of the coin away from the bookmakers, and when Imp lagged out of it waits of distress and speechless dismay prevailed on almost every hand. THE SON OF LEGNATUS IN FRONT.

THE SON OF LEONATUS IN FRONT.

"Tillo!" Once more the loud reverberating roar of the dustor and goggle man rang out, and this time the cry was taken up by hundreds, who saw Clayton driving the horse ahead with speet that was killing the others.

"Tillo wins!"

It was a universal roar now, and it was mingled with more cries of anguish. Tillo rapidly left the bunch a hundred yards from the end and, with a magnificent spuri, increased his lead to half a length. Semper Ego, also letting out his reserve strongth, set sail for Tillo. his lead to half a length. Semper Ero, also letting out his reserve strength, set sail for Tillo. Clayton heard the 30 to 1 shot hammering away behind him, and just in the nick of time he cut Tillo loose a little more, with the result that he drew away again. Ogden was running neck and neck with Sompet Ero, but his fight was hopeless, so far as the lead was concerned. Don de Oro, a head back, while Ren Holladay was making a rattling finish too.

while Ben Holladay was making a rattling finfeb, too.

Thirty yards from the end it was a cisch for
Tillo, but the battle for the places continued.
Finally, as the borses dashed, pauting and leg
weary, over the line. Tillo proved victor by a
good haif length, with Semper Ego second,
Ogden third and Don de Ore fourth, heads
apart. The crowd kept still until Imp
and Ornament had crossed the line. Then
a few cheered Jockey Clayton when he sat in
the floral horseshoe. The rest either went home
in sadness or took a parting fling at the jubliant
bookmakers. When Sloan dismounted nobody
looked at him. When he rode Ornament to victory in the Brooklyn Handicap he was lionized
by thousands. But it must be remembered that
the public is fickle.

THE PRELIMINARY RACES.

Outside of the Suburban most interest naturally centred in the first running of the Double Event for two-year-olds. The stake was worth \$5,000, and in the absence of Jean Bereaud it was regarded as anybody's race. The vacancy created by the scratching of Counsellor Wernberg was filed by the Oneck Stable's Armanent, and the handy field of five went around to the start. For the first time this season three of the colts were equal favorites at 2 to 1—clear indication that the race was so open as to puzzle the talent. These were kingdon, Glenheim, and Ethelbert, while 20 to 1 was on offer sgainst Miller and 60 to 1 against Armanent. It ; was an easy win for Kingdon, He waited with his field after rushing matters in the first furlong and was content with fourth THE PRELIMINARY RACES. He waited with his field after rushing matters in the first furlong and was content with fourth position for four furlongs, when he came away and won well in hand by three lengths. Armament trailed for most of the distance, but moved up with a rattle in the run home and at one time got his nose in front. He proved unequal to Kingdon's challenge, however, and had to be content with the place, a length in front of Miller.

bnd to be content with the place, a length in front of Miller.

The sport began with a big upset, as the talent figured Typhoon II, to be a 3 to 10 shot, and played him accordingly. The Bromley colt was not as fortunate as usual in getting away, and flurry fleed, at the false price of 12 to 1, made all the running and won by a length from Isidor. Momentum, one of the outsiders, was third. In the second event, a one-mile race over the turf, for three-year-olds, C. Fleischmann's Sons Nosey, with Sloan up, was made a hot favorite in a field of twelve at 7 to 5. George Boyd and Loitere were equal second choices, while there was a strong play on Turney Brothers' Rinaido. The big field caused a long delay at the post, and the fractious ones promptly wiped out the barrier. The starter then took them in hand without the lining up machine, and enally got all but one off to a good break. Athanuss propped himself at flagfall and took no part in the race. Rinaido proved the good thing he was touted to be, and won by three-quarters of a length in from Nosey, who came with a brilliant rush too late to get better than second, half a length in front of Gen Macco.

Tillo got away in front, but by only a small margin over Royal Stag. Havoe, Don de Oro, and Ogden were close behind, followed by Ornament. Peep o' Day, and Imp bunched a yard or so in the rear, with the others in reach of them. They came thundering down the track in close array, and the crowd had some difficulty in making out their identity, the colors of the jockeys flashing in the sunshine with darriing prilliancy.

As they passed the stand the cry of "Ogden!" Ogden!" went up from a thousand throats, for Marcus Daly's horse was in the lead by a length, and Hamilton was urging him along in great style. Peep o' Day, his long black mane and tail flying in the breeze, was second, and his stride was long and mighty. He was half a length in front of Hoyal Stag, who led Havoe by a length. Tillo was running fifth at this point, and was in such an easy stride that the man with the linen duster and goggles rose in his might and let out another reverberating roar to the effect that it was "ail over." Imp was sixth, at Tillo's saddle girths, while the others trailed along behind. Ornament was in ninth place.

"Ornament's a dead one!" white-fased man gasped as he looked at the Brooklyn Handicap winner pass by.

"Sloan looks sick at heart!" was another comment. "He knows his norse won't be in it."

"Bont you believe it!" came from an excitable man who clutched a notebook and chewed a lead pencil. "He'll go out in front later, and lead pencil." He'll go out in front later, and lead pencil. "He'll go out in front later, and later Kingdon took his rivals into camp in the Bouble Event there, was pencral standard riches, and after Kingdon took his rivals into camp in the Bouble Event there was a general standard riches, and after Kingdon took his rivals into camp in the Bouble Event there was a general standard riches, and after Kingdon took his rivals into camp in the Bouble Event there was a general standard riches, and after Kingdon took his rivals into camp in the Bouble Event there was a general standard richem, and after GOSSIP OF THE BIG RACE. once the faithful ignored Den de Oro, sithough the Belmont colt had the services of Sims. After the race horsemen were endeavoring to figure out how it all happened and how they allowed Tillo to run loose at 15 to 1. The resulars also kicked themselves quietly over their neglect of Semper Ego, who had exposed his form as recently as June 16 at Gravesend. The consensus of opinion seemed to be, however, that the delay at the nost killed the faverite's chances and also settled some of the others with heavy weight up. The starier realized that every moment's delay was an extra handicap on Ornament, but there was no remedy, as the favorite was one of the worst behaved at the great colt was used up before flag fail. He was carrying over thirty pounds of cold lead and naturally could not do himself justice. Taral had few excuses to offer for Ben Holladar. The pace was simply a bit too fast for him, and when' ho'made his bid the others were too far away. Clawson, who rode Imp thought she did not run her race, and that she would do better in a smaller field. Sims was clearly diappointed at acting no closer than fourth with Don de Oro, but be took his defeat philosophically, knowing that all the regular followers of the game realize that the Don only tries in spots.

with Don do Oro, our we cook me acteat prince ophically, knowing that all the regular followers of the game realize that the Don only tries in spots.

Charton was highly clated over his triumph on Tillo, and said that he was pretty consident all the way, as the colt's form in his earlier races indicated that he was on edge and had spect to burn when called on.

The starter was confronted with another hard task inthe dash for maiden two-year-olds which followed the Suburban. Fifteen youngsters went to the boot, with Haveluck favoriester than a drive by a head from Satirist, who beat Tendresses a length, Trillion, at 12 to 1, won the juming race which wound up the card. Hoyal Scarlet was favorite, but although, he fenced much better than in his recent races, he just failed to outfoot Trillion, who squeezed home by a head.

First Race.

For all ages: \$650 added, of which \$100 to second and \$50 to third; penalties and allowances; five furloings on main track.

M. F. Dwyer's h or br. g. Harry Reed, 6, by Himrar-Vollet, 123 (Sims).

Soughacers Stable's b. c. Momentum, 8, 110 (Spencer).

Typhoon IL. Billall, Handpress, Collateral and Lady

Goughacres Stable's b. c. Momentum, S. 110 S. (Spencer)
Tynhoen H., B.ilali, Handpress, Collateral and Lady Mitchell also ran.

Time, 1:02
Betting—Twelve to 1 against Harry Reed, 5 so 1 Isidor, 60 to 1 Momentum, 3 to 10 Typhoen H., 80 to 1 Hillali, 40 to 1 Handpress, 100 to 1 Collateral, 80 to 1 Lady Mitchell.

SECOND RACE.

For three year olds, non winners of \$700; selling; weights eight pounds below the scale; \$000 added, of which \$100 to second and \$50 to third; allowaness one mile on the turf; Turney Bros' b. c. Rinaldo, by Leonatus—Dahlia, 111 (Murphy).

W. C. Duly's ch. g. Gen. Macco, \$0 O'Conner. ... \$8 or Gawain, freege flery, Loiterer, Athamas, Helmadsle, Nanoleon Bomparte, Long Acre, Pink Chambray and Capt. Smith also ran.

Time. 1:42 2.5.

Betting—Six to I assinst Rinaldo, 7 to 5 Nosey, 8 to 1 Gen. Macco, 40 to 1 Sir Gawain, 4 to 1 George Boyd, 4 to 1 Loiterer, 10 to 1 Athamas, 30 to 1 Henry Boyd, 4 to 1 Napoleon Bonaparte, 10 to 1 Long Acre, 30 to 1 Pink Chambray, 30 to 1 Capt. Smith.

THIRD RACE.

The double event of \$10,000, for two year-olds: \$100 each, or only \$25 if declared out by April 15, or \$50 if by May 16; starters to pay \$100 additional, which shall entitle them to start for both events guaranteed cash value of the two events \$5,000 each, in each event the second to receive \$750 and the third \$250 of the owner, will be given should the two events be won by the same bree; inners of two races of \$1,000 additional in plate or money, at the option of the owner, will be given should the two events be won by the same bree; winners of two races of \$1,000 adlinwed seven pounds extra, maidens never having been placed second for a race of \$1,000 allinwed seven pounds; threading allowances; guaranteed cash value \$5,000 of which \$4,000 of \$1,000 allinwed seven pounds; threading allowances; guaranteed cash value \$5,000 of which \$4,000 of \$1,000 allinwed seven pounds; threading allowances; parameted cash value \$5,000 of which \$4,000 of \$1,000 allinwed seven pounds. The winner, \$750 to second, and \$250 to third; last for and a half furious of the Futurity course.

It is the property by the seven seven by the stable's b, c. Armannent, 122 ("spencer). \$2 or \$1,000 allinwed to the future to the second seven se THIRD RACE.

FOURTH RACE. Tile Suburban, of \$10,000; handicap for three-year-olds and upward: \$200 each, half forfeit, or only \$15 if declared out by Feb. 21, 1898; the winner to receive \$7,000, the second \$2,000, and the third \$1,000; winners after announcement of weights of

PIPTH BACK.

SIXTH RACE. Belling steeplechese, for four-year-olds and up-ward; \$500 added, of which \$100 to second and \$50 to third; allowances; short steeplechase course; W. O. Hayes's b. g. Trillion, aged, by King Ernest— Trill, 154 (Callaban) R. & T Hitchcock's ch. g. Royal Scarlet, 5, 142 (Byrne)
J. P. Dawes's Sir Lawrence, 4, 142 (Christopher)... 3
Decapod, Detective, McIntyre and Beaufort also rance.
Time, 4:20,
Betting—Four to 1 against Trillion, 8 to 5 Reyal
Scarlet, 6 to 1 Sir Lawrence, 4 to 1 Decapod, 20 to 1
Detective, 50 to 1 McIntyre, 15 to 1 Beaufort.

\$3,550 for a Hanever-Rectare Colt.

Good prices were realized at the second day' sale of the Rancho Del Paso yearlings at Sheepshead Bay yesterday. The top price \$3,550, was paid by C. Fleischmann's Sens for the handsome black coit by Hanover—Reclars. The best sales were: Bay colt by imp. Midlothian-Memento; S. S. Williamson. 

mann's Sons 8,550
Chestnut colt by Tenny-Imp. Redwarth Rose; J. Mackey. 400
Chestnut colt by imp. Golden Garter-Repressas Kensico Stable. 400
Chestnut colt by Tenny-Rake; J. White. 1,000 Twenty-seven head sold for \$15,250, an average per head of \$364.81.

Pink Coat Wins the St. Louis Berby. Sr. Louis, June 18 .- Pat Dunne's good bay colt taked second under the whin. Bannockburn was an easy third. Jackanapes was fourth and Equitoms was last. It was the biggest race day St. Louis has seen in many years. The Mayor proclaimed it a half boliday, and the baseball game was called an hour and a half earlier than usual in order that the fans might go across the street and see the big race. The attendance was probably 20,000; some estimates were as high as 35,000. Anyhow, it was a big bouch of people in holiday attire. The Derby was the fifth race. Plaudit was not regarded as the sure thing that he figured on public form, and there was a lively play by the small bettors who like big odds. Most of this money went on Bannockburn, who opened at 4 to 1 and was cut to 5. Paušit stuck at 4 to 5 and Pink Coat at 2 to 1. Jackanapos was 15 to 1 and of this money went on Bannockburn, who opened at 4 to 1 and was cut to 8. Paulit stuck at 4 to 5 and Pink Coat at 2 to 1. Jackanapes was 15 to 1 and Equitone was anything you liked. They got off in a bunch, with Plaudit leading by a neck from Jackanapes. Littlefield pulled the Invorte back to fourth place. As they passed the stand after half a mile they were well together. Equitone was first with all the others in easy striking distance. Pink Coat took the lead after going a mile and came as they entered the stretch. Littlefield went to the lead. He lashed Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit all the way home, while Willie Martin held Plaudit of the others seemed to be all out. Plaudit's heavy impost tod pisning on him. He fluished with more weariness than any of the others. He was apparently trained too fine for a bruising race. Summaries:

First Race—One mile and three-sixteentha.—Anger, 104 (H. Wilson), S to 1, first; Serf, 108 (R. Jones), S to 1, second, Tago, 104 (Hall), S to 8, third. Time, 2:053.

Second Race—One mile.—Geld Band, 100 (Hall), I to B, first Nightcown, 90 Cf. Leigh), S to 8, second; Zarina, 100 (f. Burns), 2 to 1, third. Time, 1:434.

Third fix e—One mile and three-sixteentha—Wenatchie, 106 (Harrington), 5 to 1, first; Fervor, 100 (f. Burns), 9 to 10, second; Bob Milliean, 108 (Snell), 4 to 1, third. Time, 1:464.

Fourth Race—One mile and seventy yards.—Cavalry, 90 (J. Woods), 7 to 1, first; Fervor, 100 (f. Burns), 9 to 10, second; Borole d'Or, SS (f. Leigh), 9 to 2, third. Time, 1:464.

Firth Race—St. Louis, Derby; one mile and a half.—Fink Coat, 107 (Willie Martin), 2 to 1, first; Flaudit, 127 (Littlefield), 4 to 5, second; Bomouchburn, 107 (Thorpe), S to 1, third. T

CINCINSATI, June 18.—Doncella, a four-year-old filly by Duke of Montrose.—Spinster, who won the last race yesterday of a mile and a sixteenth and was added to the Cincinnatt Hotel Handicap at Latonia to-day at the last minute by her owner, Charles F. McLean, one of the associate judges of the track, won again easily. Simon W.. who had the top weight, 120 pounds, rait the mile in 1339,4, when Boncella took the lead and kept if by three lengths. The net value pounds, ran the mile in 1:39%, when honcells took the lead and kept it by three lengths. The net value of the stake was \$1,400. Summaries:
First Race-Seven furlongs.—Jolly Son, 101 (Southard) 10 to 1, won: Maritt. 102, (Everett) even, second: †Skin, 96 (Britton), 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:98%, Second Race-Five furlongs.—Frank Bell, 106 (Vandusen), 3 to 2, won: Hardy Fardes, 109 (Dupee), 7 to 10, second; Jolly Roger, 109 (Matthews), 4 to 1, third. Time, 1:09.
Third Race-One mile and seventy yards.—Acucans, 90 (hupe), 5 to 1, won: Banished; 98 (Beauchamp), 6 to 5, second; Junp. Eddie Hurk, 110 (Overton), 4 to 5, third. Time, 1:44%.
Fourth Race—The Cincinnati Hotel Handleap; one mile and a sixternth.—Doncella, 95 (Nutt), 5 to 1, won: Resinante, 95 (Dupee), 7 to 10, second; Fannette, 96 (Knight), 15 to 1, third. Time, 1:45%.
Fifth Race—Handleap; six forlongs.—Gid Law, 114 (Nutt), 18 to 5, won: High Jinks, 101 (Beauchamp), 4 to 1, second: Martha H., 101 (Dupee), 8 to 5, third. Time, 1:15.
Sixth Race—Seven furlongs.—Kriss Kringle, 101 (Dupee), even, won; Pan Charm, 103 (Matthews), 15 to 1, second: Hilds, 107 (Nutt), 7 to 1, third. Time, 1:28%.

Results at Warles. Onicago, June 18.—There was a splendld crowd at Harlem to-day. Warrenton won the Senior Stakes, a sort of preliminary to the American Derby, easily, His chances in the greater event are now considered good. Semmary:

First Race—Surfor Jos. 11. i hompson. 10 to 1 second: La ly Juliet (McCann), 5 to 1, third. Time, 115 %, Second Race—Three and a haif furious.—Lemon, 105 (L. Smith), 2 to 1, won; Golden C. 105 (Caywood), 6 to 1, second: Green Witch, 105 (Bloss), 20 to 1, third. Time, 6:144.

Third Race—One mile and soventy yards.—Nathanson, 97 (Rose), 6 to 1, won; Dorothy III., 108 (Turner), 4 to 1, second: Jack of Hearts, 110 (Bloss), 10 to 1, third. Time, 1:488.

Fourth Race—Stat juriougs.—Richard J., 111 (Caywood), 11 to 20, won; Hugh Fenny, 106 (Turner), 2 to 1, second: Bellicose, 107 (H. Martin), 6 to 1, third. Time, 1:488.

Fifth Race—Senior Stakes; one and one-eighth miles.—Warr nion, 112 (Caywood), 2 to 1), won; Mothen, 142 (Caywood), 2 to 1), won; Mothen, 143 (Caywood), irst Bace - ix furlougs -Tenole, 195 (Butter), 3

Won in Straight Heats at Combination Park. Boston, June 18.—This was the last day of the races at Comb nation Fark, and a good crowd was present. The 2.22 troi was wen by Walter J. in straight heats. Woodshed captured the free-for all pace, winning out by a nose in every heat. Summaries:

2:22 class, trotting; purse \$400; Waiter J., ch. g. (Clark) Doctor, b. g. (Brown) Stells, ch. m. (Moultton) Miss Harbee, blk. m. (Gardner) Florida B., b. m. (Folsom) Susie F., b. m. (Folsom) Time—2:21%, 2:21%, 2:22%, Free-for-all class, paring, purse \$400; Woodshed, ch. s. (striling) Jimuie B. h. g. (Lawrence) Reflua, gr. m. (Sowen) Reflua, gr. m. (Sowen) Reflua, gr. gr. Fitzerald). Time—2:1b. 2:14%, 2:14.

A Condomued Murderer to Testify.

Nonnistown, Pa., June 18.-The Common wealth will put Charles O. Kaiser, condemned or the murder of his wife, on the witness stand on Monday. This will be unprecedented. Never n the history of the criminal annals of Pennsylvania has a condemned man testified against an alleged associate in crime. Kaiser will re-fute his tale of being attacked by highwaymen, who killed his wife and shot him after robbing them of money and jeweirs, and tell a story which will confirm Lizzie be Kaib's story. Clem-mer, the accused man, will go on the stand on Thesday.

The Appeliate Division of the Supreme Court n Brooklyn is soon to review the judgment of the lower court declaring that Mayor Van Wyck had no legal power to remove the old Commis-sioners of the new East River Bridge, Corpora-tion Counsel Whalen filed with the County tion Counsel Whalen filed with the County Clerk in Brooklyn yesterday an order of Justice Garretson directing a suspension of the entry of the judgment until the decision of the Appel-late Division has been rendered.

Swo races of \$600 or one of \$1,400 or one of \$1,400, four pounds exira; of two of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or two of \$0,700 or one of \$0,000, twelve pounds exira; allowances; one mile and a quarter; no or one of \$0,000, sight pounds exira; allowances; one mile and a quarter; no or one of \$0,000, sight pounds exira; allowances; one mile and a quarter; no or one of \$0,000, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700, sight pounds exira; of three of \$1,400 or one of \$0,700 or one of \$0,700

OVER 100 BRANCH STORES.

## CARD TO THE PUBLIC.

Having received the entire stock of uncalled-for garments from our many branch stores, the same will be placed on sale at our BROADWAY STORE, corner 10th St., opposite Wanamaker's, TO-MORROW. There are several hundred Suits, and Coats and Vests, made to measure during the present season, and are made from the very finest Yorkshire milled fabrics, including also the celebrated English Wire-Woven Serges, in BLACK and BLUE ONLY. The above suits have been made to measure at from \$15 to \$30 per suit.

Our Price To-morrow:

SUITS - - - - - -\$10.98 COATS AND VESTS - - -

Single and Double Breasted Sacks, also Cutaway Frocks for dress, all at the same price

MISSISSIPPI LEVERS.

Alletments of the Federal Appropriation Made, but Not Announced.

The annual meeting of the Mississippi River Commission, which began on Friday morning at the Army Building here, was concluded yes terday. The commission is made up of sever nembers, with Brig.-Gen. George L. Gillespie of the Corps of Engineers President. The object of the meeting was principally to make allotments of the appropriation for improving and paintaining the levees of the different districts along the river, from its mouth to Cairo, Ill. There are eleven districts in this territory. All of the district superintendents were present at 8.550

of the district superintendents were present at the meeting, as well as United States Senator James H. Borry of Louisiana; Congressman T. C. Catchings of Vicksburg, Chairman of the River and Harbor Committee of the House; Congressman P. D. McCulloch of Arkansas, and State Engineer Richardson et Louisiana.

The superintendents of the various districts were present to tell how much meney would be necessary to perform the needed work on the levees in their districts. No superintendent was especially modest in the request for his appropriation. Senator Berry made a speech in which he asked that enough money be appropriated not only to protect the work already done, but to bring the levees up to the hipbest standard known to engineers. Representative Catchings add that he hoped that the next Congress would take complete charge of the work of maintaining the levees, and that at least \$18.000,000 would be appropriated, which amount, he said, would be enough to complete the work already mapped out.

Last year Congress appropriated for the maintenance, extension and improvement of the Mississippi levees \$9.000,000, to be expended during the next four years. Just what allotments were finally made by the commission for each district has not yet been announced.

district has not yet been announced.

MARSHAL DEAD; MAYOR DYING. Revolvers Brought Into Action at Brunswick. Me., by a Slap Given to a Girl.

BRUNSWICK, Mo., June 18 .- City Marshal Richard Ashby was killed and Mayor J. H. Heisle was mortally wounded last night in a fight caused by a slap given to a girl. W. J. Heisle, brother of the Mayor, is accused of having struck a daughter of the Marshal.

having struck a daughter of the Marshal, Asbby and his son Joseph found him at 9 o'clock last night in a saloon, and immediately attacked nim The Marshal covered him with a revolver while his son beat him.

The Mayor was also in the saloon, and he began firing at the Marshal. Both men emptied their revolvers. Ashby fired for the last time as he fell. He was dead before friends reached him. The Mayor stood looking at his body a minute and then staggered to the sidewalk. He had one wound in his abdomen, and the last shot from Asbby's revolver passed through his body, penetrating the left lung and coming out near the right shoulder blade. His death is momentarily expected.

FIRECRACKER AMONG THEM.

The Sleepers Swere and Went to Sleep Again, but Awoke to Find Their Bedding on Fire. A boy with a big firecracker sneaked up en the roof of the tenement at 152 Essex street yesterday merning while a dozen or fifteen tenants were taking their holiday morning nap tenants were taking their holiday morning nap there and set it off. They awoke in wrath, only to find him gone, and had returned to their beda grumbling when one of them, Levy Horwitz, jumped up with a yell of terror. His mattress was on fire. The firecracker had done it.

While liorwitz ran the others joined in an attempt to put out the fire. They bombarded it with pillows, with the result of only feeding the fire. At last it blazed up so hotly that they beat a retreat and called the firemen. When they arrived the fire had spread to the roof of the next house and set the clothes posts on fire. The firemen made short work of it.

New Jersey's Share of Silas Spown's Estate. When Silas Brown of Second street, Jersey City, died on May 15, 1897, he left \$10,000 in bonds to nephews and nelces. The bonds were in a safe deposit vault in this city. After the probate of the will Surrogate Lillis charged a tax of \$512.70 against the bonds under the collateral inheritance tax law. Lawyer James Palmer, representing Catherine Brown, the widow and administratrix, appealed to the Orphans' Court to have the tax remitted on the ground that the bonds, being deposited in this city, were liable to tax here, and it would be unjust that they should be taxed twice. Prosecutor Erwin, representing the State Comptroller, argued that the bonds were subject to taxation only in the State in which the estate was administered and Judge Blair sustained that view of the case. bonds to nephews and neices. The bonds were

Displaced Coroners Sue for Salary. Ex-Coroner Hoeber has notified City Comptroller Color that he is about to sue the city for 8416.66 as salary due him for January, Ex-Former Tuthill has filed a similar notice. They note that the office of County Coroner has not seen absoluted in New York county. Should the contemplated suits result in their favor dimilar suits for salaries for each month will be

Beal Estate Private Sales.

Real Estate Private Sales.

Charles Griffith Mosse has sold to C. W. Wright four lots of sand on the west side of Scaman avenue, north of Academy street, on private terms.

Max first has sold to Sarah A. King, for about \$30,000, the five-story double flat No. 366 West 127th street, 25x100, and has purchased from Abelman & Rosephann, for \$30,000, No. 26 East 118th street, similar building.

Joseph Hierhoff has sold the following: No. 123 West Sixtieth street, a five-story tenement, 25x50x 100, for Dr. Finiths; No. 45 West 119th street, a three-story dwelling, 20x100, for T. Coleman, and the dwelling No. 35 West 134th street, 10.8x09.11, for Frank Hamlin.

Faul Mayer has sold for John Flanagan to the Bernor Frank Hamilin.

Paul Mayer has sold for John Flanagan to the Bernsteiner & S. hmidt Browning Company the five-story lat, with store, at the southeast corner of Amsteriam avenue and 100th sirest for about \$93.500.

Henry Rothschild sold through Josephir, Son & Simons for about \$27.000 the five-story flat with store, 20x100, No. 1858 Fifth avenue, near 115th tore, 20x100, No. 1858 Fifth avenue, near 115th treet. Louis D. Levy is the buyer.

The Stevens steal Estate Company sold to Elizabeth McKiniay, for Imagene Hart, the vacant lot on the outh side of 100th street, 325 feet west of Central Park West. itz West. Liseph Blerhoff sold a plot of eight lots on Eighth Sune and White Plains road, for a Dr. Spinger, for avenue and White Figure 1980,

age the four story browns one rions dweating, salar 100, No. 240 Central Park West, at a purported price of \$75,000.

Holdridge & Ward have sold to Lowenfeld & Prager Nos. 207 to 213 Ediridge street, a plot containing three lots, 75x100, for John L. Ripp for \$40,000.

Frank Ehrel is represented to have sold to Louis Stern, who owns the adjoining property, the southeast corper of Fifth avenue and Eighty-first street, a plot 75x100.

W. P. Mangan has sold for Canarom Brothers to Valiman Brothers two lots on the north side of 198th street, 300 feet east of Amsterdam avenue, 50x100.

The Ernst-Marx Nith in Company has jurchased two lots on the east side of Kingsbridge road, 700 feet north of Academy street.

Thomas Lesserans has sold for William H. Reynalds to H. T. Horner three-slory frame cottage, plot to x 10x100, on the south side of Forty-righth street, 240 feet east of Twelfth avenue, borough Park.

John W Stevens has sold to a client he vacant plot 25x100.11, on Ninety-high street, 300 feet east of Ninth avenue, for improvement, price \$9,000.

Carrie K. Warren has sold 128 East Tairty-seventh attreet, a four-story brownstone residence, price \$37,000.

B. W. Williams, Jr., has sold Nos. 504 and 556 11. W. Williams, Jr., has sold Nos. 554 and 556 Fifth avenue for a Mrs. Gundwin, who recently purchased the latter piece from a Mrs. Harper. There is a belief that swing to the critic quoted, \$400,000, the sale must inclide the northwest corner of Forty sixth street, No. 552. The buyer analus is withheld.

Haviland & Son have sold to a client the west side of Lefferts place. 304 feet east of Grand arenue, price \$13.,505, and to Victor Hedin a residence on Lexington as sunce, east of Classon avenue, price not given. It is Bedeil has sold for W. F. Hesinger, to A. F. Herding, No 85 Stateenth atreet, four story brick dott le attactment house, for \$12,000; also No. 155 Eldert street, two story and basement two family house, for A. F. Gardner, to W. F. Hesinger, for \$4,500; also No. 37 Ross street, three story price \$4,500; also No. 37 Ross street, three story brick house, for C. Senshaw, to W. F. Hesinger, for \$5,000; also No. 378 Harmon sirest, two story and basement also No. 378 Harmon sirest, two story and basement also No. 324 hackman strees, two story brick dwelling, 14x86, to Riverheed Savings Bank, for \$1,475. IN BROOKLYN.

COLER AND WHALEN AT ODDS

Comptroller Refuses to Pay a Judgment Com-fessed by Whales—The Courts Involved. The Westchester Water Company has a contract to supply 500,000 gallons of water dally to Hart's Island, Recently it presented a bill to Comptroller Coler for \$8,000 for water served on a number of days in excess of the contract

The Comptroller refused to pay the bill. Hesaid that on a number of days the company had non delivered the full 500,000 gallons, and than with these shortages deducted there was exactly \$320 due to the water company from the city.

The water company thereupon went to Corporation Counsel Whalen, and the Corporati Counsel, without consulting the Comptroller, confessed judgment for \$4,000, half of the

amount demanded. The water company took this confessed judgment to Comptroller Coler, but he again refused to pay any money. The water company then applied to Justice Russell of the Supreme Court for a mandamus to compel him to pay. Justice Russell has set the case for a hearing on Tuesday next.

Now the Comptroller has had a taxpayer, Irving T. Bush, apply to Justice Daly for an order requiring the Comptroller to show cause why he should not be restrained from paying the \$4,000 judgment. Both Comptroller Coler and the Westchester Water Coupany are made defendants in the suit. The Comptroller said yesterday: amount demanded. The water company took

the Weatchester Water Company are made defendants in the suit. The Comptroller said yesterday:

"The injunction suit by Mr. Bush was brought with my knowledge and consent. I believe that it is right and in the interest of the city and it want to see it won. I feel that I am right in the stand that I am taking and I am going to fight the matter to a finish. The boint in this matter is that if anybody who comes to me with claims which I refuse to pay cas, by going to the Corporation Counsel, obtain his money, we might as well turn the whole city government over the Corporation Counsel's office."

When the case was brought before Justice Daly it was announced that Mr. Bush was the President of a warehouse company in South Brook-dent of a warehouse company in South Brook-dent of a warehouse company in South Brook-derick R. Kellogg stated to the Court the position held by Comptroller Coler. Lawyer Frederick R. Kellogg stated to the Court the position held by Comptroller Coler in the matter. The Corporation Counsel's office was not represented, and Justice Daly granted the order.

DAMAGE DONE BY A BLASE.

Sutcher Will's Neck Cut by a Stone and & Saleon Next Door Wrecked. A blast on Elton avenue, between 156th and 57th streets, yesterday morning did considers able damage in the neighborhood. George Russhon, a contractor living at 171st street and Jerome avenue, has been blasting in order to build on some Elton avenue lots which he owns. Yesterday morning the foreman set off a blast

Yesterday morning the foreman set off a blast of two charges. The result was a shower ef stones of various sizes all over the block.

Some of the stones noured into Philip Will's butcher shop at 757 Elton avenue, across the road. One stone cut a gash in the butcher's neck. His legs were bruised by others. One of Will's windows was broken, and some of the stones struck the outside of the house and tore away piges of the clapboarding. This building is owned by Frank Stein, who has a saloon next door at 759. There the plate-glass windows were smashed, the sign over the saloon was wrecked, and two upstairs windows were carried out, sash and all. Stein was in bed, but got up in a burry when he heard the explosion, and ran downstairs to find his barroom in confusion. Bottles and glasses on the bar had been broken by the flying stones, and some of the fixtures were broken. Dr. Murphy of Fordham Hospital dressed Will's wounds, which were not serious.

Hospital dressed will's wounds, which were not serious.

When the foreman, whose name is not known, and what damage had been done he ran away, in the absence of Russhon and the foreman, the Morrisania police detained three of the workmen as witnesses. They are Joseph Salaring, Joseph Peraro and Francisco Nils, who live as 149th street and Morris avenue. While the rollies were tooking for Russhon he walked the police were looking for Russhon he walked into the Morrisania police station and was made a

prisoner.

The damage done amounts to about \$2,000, which includes the falling of ceilings in the apartments of William Munch and Joseph Ban rats at 756 Elion avenue, next door to Russhon's lots.

New Horse Fountain in Brooklyn. Miss Emma Toedteberg, President of the Women's Dumb Animal Aid Association, turned on the water in the new horse fountain in Lib-erty Square near the approach to the bridge en-trance in Brooklyn yesterday. The fountain is twelve feet in diameter, and has a capacity of 500 gallons. It was substituted for a smaller one which had been in use since last summer.

The Weather.

Fair weather prevailed yesterday over all the country except Virginia, the lake regions, Iowa, and Missouri, where it was showery. There was a storm of moderate energy moving over the lake region into Middle Atlantic and New England coasts. The tem perature was rising in all the central States, and it is likely to be warmer in this section to-day.

In this city the day was fair; highest official temperature 68', lowest 50'; average humidity 65 per cent.; wind southeast, average velocity 20 miles an hour: herometer corrected to read to see level at 8 The thermometer at the United States Weather Bu-

WASHINGTON FORECAST FOR SUNDAY,

For Massachusetts, Rhode Island and Connecti threatening weather and showers; fresh south winds. For eastern New York, showers and thunderstorms ! For western New York and western Pennsylvania.

partly cloudy; cooler; light southwest winds, he For eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey, thread ning weather with showers; south winds.
For the District of Columbia, Delaware and Maryand, threatening weather with showers; war

## WATERS

60 modern WATERS uprights (that have been rented a short time) from \$150 to \$200, payments only \$6 per

month. 50 good second-hand upright, grand, and square planes (taken in exchange for WATERS planes) will be sold at BARGAIN PRICES; \$50 and upward for cash, or on payments of only \$5 per month.

Don't fail to examine our planes, prices, terms, and inducements; whether you want an elegant new plane or one of the less expensive kinds. Send postal for catalogue.

Stool, cover, tuning, and delivery free.

HORACE WATERS & CO., 134 FIFTH AVE., NEAR 18TH ST.